

THE WHITE GYPSY.

A Tale of Mines and Miners,

BY J. MONK FOSTER.

Author of "A Pit Brow Lassie," "Slaves of Fate," "A Miner's Million," "Queen of the Factory," "A Crimson Fortune," "Passion's Aftermath," &c.

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CHAPTER XXVI.
HUGH EASTWOOD'S STORY.

The moment Paul Meredith had mastered the meaning of Hugh Eastwood's brief note he made up his mind how to act. Holding out the sheet of paper towards Sir Sydney he said in a quick imperative voice:

"I think that both you and Lady Carlsland ought to read this once." Then turning to the servant who was standing on the threshold of the room he added, "Will you kindly wait for an answer?"

The baronet took the note, cast his eyes over it hurriedly, and then handed it to his wife with a look of wonder on his face. A few moments later her ladyship asked sharply:

"Who is this Hugh Eastwood?"

"A young pitman who lives—or did live at Marsh Green and who told me that he worked in one of Sir Sydney's mines. I was attacked one night by a couple of tramps while making my way through Cale Wood, and might have got robbed and maltreated had he not chanced to be at hand. He appears to be a most respectable young fellow, and if he and his friend know anything about the jewels I think we ought to see them at once. What do you say, Sir Sydney?"

"I am willing to hear them," the baronet returned, "if her ladyship has no objection."

"I do not object—tell Mr. Eastwood and his friend to come here," her ladyship answered, addressing the last part of her sentence to the maid, who at once departed to return a short time later with Hugh Eastwood and the old miner, Dick Miller.

"This," said Paul, as he shook hands with the younger of the two visitors, "is Hugh Eastwood. But is it true, Eastwood, that you can explain this mystery surrounding the jewels which Salome Baringham had in her possession?"

"I can explain a portion of it, and my companion here, whose name is Miller, and who lives at Thorrell Moor, and works at the Wood Pit, can tell you the rest. In the first place let me say that it was from me that Salome Baringham got the jewels."

"From you?" Sir Sydney and his ward exclaimed in a breath.

"Yes, from me, strange as it may seem," Hugh replied, quickly.

"And where did you obtain them?" Lady Carlsland queried.

"I found them one day about ten months ago while at work in the mine. Dick and me were working together that day, and he knows that while we were clearing up the bottom of the old shaft called the Dingle Pit we found—at least I found—a leather handbag. The bag was fastened up when I found it, and when I broke it open I found all the jewels inside. But Miller here never knew until I told him this afternoon what was in the bag. I was alone when I found the bag, and I told him when I had hidden the jewels in my can that it was empty. He looked at the bag and recognized it, didn't you Dick?"

"Ah, did," the old pitman replied, somewhat slowly. "But Sir Sydney, afore ah tell what ah know yo' will ha' to gie me yore word that yo' will not do owt at me for what ah say."

The baronet was silent for a moment, and Paul broke out impulsively:

"You may speak out, Sir Sydney, and I will see that you lose nothing by anything you say in order to clear Salome from the suspicion under which she now rests."

"Yes—speak out," said the baronet with a dogged air of resignation. "I suppose you were one of the gang of poachers who robbed me that night in Hough Wood?"

The miner answered in the affirmative, and then proceeded in his own rough fashion to relate how the poachers attacked Sir Sydney, thinking he was a gamekeeper, and how on discovering their mistake, the ringleader had insisted on robbing him in spite of his—Miller's—protestations. Then he spoke of the row the gang had with the keepers near Cale Wood, when the locked bag was thrown down the disused shaft.

Sir Sydney, Lady Carlsland, and Paul Meredith, listened quietly, but with wondering faces, to the old pitman's story, and when it was ended, Eastwood spoke again.

"When I discovered the jewels," he said, "and learned from Miller that the bag was taken from you, Sir Sydney, I knew that the ornaments must be valuable. I was a poor man, and it was a great temptation, but I did not touch a single one I am glad to say. I sent them all to Miss Baringham, and I made her believe that they had been left to me by a relation."

"I am glad the thing is cleared up, Eastwood," Paul remarked, "but it would have saved us all much trouble had you returned the jewels at once to their rightful owner."

"I was sorry enough, Mr. Meredith, I can assure you," Hugh replied, "when I heard that Miss Baringham was suspected of being mixed up with the robbery and had run away."

"But why did you not tell the whole truth to Sir Sydney and Lady Carlsland long ago?"

"Because I was in Australia when I heard of it. I came back straightaway—throwing up my work and everything. I only landed in Southampton a couple of days since, so that you will see, Mr. Meredith, that I have not lost much time."

"You have not, indeed, and I beg your pardon for what I said," Paul said, warmly. "And if you really came all the way from Australia simply to clear Salome's name I shall never forget such a service, Eastwood."

"It is quite enough for me to know that I am able to undo the harm I did her in sending the jewels to her. I dare say Miss Baringham would not have accepted them had she been able to send them back to me," Hugh said. "How do you make that out, Mr. Eastwood?" Lady Carlsland interposed. "What was that to prevent her refusing them?"

"Because by the time they reached her at the vicarage, where she was living then, your ladyship, I was on board ship on my way to Melbourne," the young man answered. "You must all see now that she was not to blame at all for what happened. I am most to blame, for if I had done as I ought to have done—brought the jewels at once to Sir Sydney—she would not have been covered with shame, and hounded out of the place."

"Never mind, Eastwood," Paul re-

marked, "I for one am perfectly satisfied that the mystery which enveloped the jewels is at last cleared up, and especially at its turn out that no one—not even you—was seriously to blame. I am sure that Sir Sydney and her ladyship are quite content with the explanation of yourself and your friend."

"I am quite satisfied," the baronet replied with some earnestness, "and I suppose Lady Carlsland is satisfied also." "I suppose I must be satisfied," her ladyship said a trifle sullenly. "But it appears to me that Miss Baringham is not quite so blameless as you all desire to make her out to be."

"How?" Meredith demanded. "I do not follow your meaning."

"I mean that Miss Baringham might have spared us all this trouble and annoyance had she taken the proper course at the outset. If she had but given us the name of the person from whom she received the jewels, all this turmoil and all feeling would have been avoided."

"But Miss Baringham considered herself under an obligation to keep my name secret, and, as you all know, rather than make known the name, she permitted herself to be driven away from a comfortable home and all her friends. I think it is very much to her credit," Hugh cried, stoutly.

"And so do I," Paul exclaimed. "But it is all at an end, happily, and we will not make any more bother about it. There is only one thing now, Hugh Eastwood, for us to do."

"What is that, Mr. Meredith?"

"To find Salome."

"That will be easy—if you really wish to discover her, sir."

"Wish to find her?" Paul said, warmly. "There is nothing I desire under Heaven so much. But I am sure now that we shall have little difficulty in finding out where she is hiding herself. I have had a private detective engaged for some time trying to trace her, but he seems to be of no use. I'll bother with the fellow no longer now. You and I will see what we can do."

"I can take you straight to her, Mr. Meredith, in a few hours," the miner said with a smile.

"You know where she is then?"

"I have her address in my pocket—I was speaking to her only last night."

"Then for God's sake tell me," Paul returned his agitation manifesting his amazement and delight. "How did you find her? Where is she? How is she?"

"She is in London, and never appeared to be better than when I dropped across her so strangely last night. It happened this way," Hugh went on.

"After landing at Southampton I made my way to London, and, as I had never been in the capital before I made up my mind to spend a day or so there. Last night chance led me to Babylonian music hall, and while there I got one of the biggest surprises I ever received in my life. When about one half of the entertainment was over, who should walk on the stage but—"

"Not Salome, surely, Eastwood?" Paul broke in, hastily, unable to restrain himself.

"It was nobody else, sir," Hugh rejoined. "At first I could not believe my own eyes. I thought it must be some woman who resembled her. But when I heard her voice I knew it was the White Gypsy herself, and nobody else. You should hear her sing now," the pitman cried, admiringly.

"When she had done singing the people made the great building ring with their clapping and shouts."

"But afterwards, afterwards?" Paul said, impatiently.

"Well, I had come all the way from Australia to help her, and there, as if through the working of some miracle, she was. I went out, after getting to know that Miss Baringham's stage name was Miss Nellie Baring, resolved to get to speak to her. I believed that she had recognized me, for when her eyes wandered my way she had given a start of surprise. So I went out soon after she left the stage and met her at the entrance to the gallery."

"And then?" Sir Sydney asked, breaking silence for the first time.

"Then she took me home with her and told me everything—how she had left the vicarage in fear, and also how you, Sir Sydney, had warned her and sent her fifty pounds. She thinks that you, Mr. Meredith, are abroad still, and I came here to make matters right with Sir Sydney and her ladyship, but never thought of meeting you until I heard in the village that you were here."

"I shall never be able to repay you, Eastwood, for all you have done for me and Salome!" Paul cried, warmly.

"Now give me the address, that I may not lose another moment."

"Here it is," said Hugh, as he handed a slip of paper to Meredith, who, after glancing at it for a moment, slipped it into his pocket saying—

"You will excuse me, Sir Sydney, and you also, Lady Carlsland, for leaving you so abruptly. When I have found Salome and told her all I will see you again."

"Are you going to London at once?" the baronet asked.

"Immediately. Good afternoon. Come along, Eastwood, and bring your friend."

CHAPTER XXVII. IN THE STAGE BOX.

It was evening, and the Babylonian theatre of varieties was even more than usually crowded.

In one of the private boxes near the stage Lord Dallesborough was lounging, petulantly fingering his moustache, and regarding with disdainful indifference the posturing and patter of the well-known music hall artists, Linda Beauchamp.

Since the inception of his passionate love for Miss Nellie Baring, and her emphatic refusal of the offer of marriage he had made her, Lord Dallesborough had never glanced upon another woman with adoring eyes.

It was the greatest shock he had ever received in his life when a music-hall singer declined to wed him; and he had not yet got over the surprise and pain such a refusal had occasioned him. He had hoped still that his devotion might soften the heart of the fair songstress.

Presently with a sneer at the pranks of the beautiful evil creature on the stage, he rose and stalked in his box, going along the corridor towards the refreshment lounge. As he strode moodily along he was startled by some gentleman slapping him heartily on the shoulder, and crying:

"Hallo, Dallesborough! Is it really you?" "Pon my soul I scarcely knew you!"

"You, Meredith!" his lordship cried as he recognized his old schoolmate. "Where have you been all this time, and what are you doing now?"

"I happened to be in town so I thought I would drop in and hear a song or two," Paul replied.

"All right—you can share my box, but come and have a drink first."

They went to the bar, ordered drinks, and as they lounged there for a few minutes their talk drifted naturally to the old days when they were lads together. Presently Paul remarked:

"They tell me, Dallesborough, that this Miss Nellie Baring who is singing here is very smart, and rather good looking."

"Have you never heard her?"

"Never."

"Well, smart is not the word to use in regard to her singing, and good-looking is too poor an adjective to convey any idea of her appearance."

"Indeed," Paul responded, with a faint smile.

"Yes. Miss Baring is one of the finest singers on the music hall stage, and the most beautiful woman I ever saw, Meredith!"

"Oh, come now, that nonsense, Dallesborough," said the other, jocularly. "I hardly expected to find you so lavish of praise in respect to a mere artiste."

"Wait till you see and hear Miss Baring and then you will be prepared to endorse every word. Besides, old man, she is no more like the ordinary music hall lady than a duchess is like a fishwoman. She is as pure and unsophisticated as the average run of her fellows are unworthy."

"Hit, evidently," quoth Paul.

"So I am, by Jove, and I am not ashamed of admitting it, Meredith. But come along for Miss Baring is the next turn."

The two young fellows sauntered away and seated themselves in his lordship's box, Dallesborough sitting low to the front, while Meredith lounged, with an air of indifference, behind the heavy velvet hangings. Shortly afterwards Salome Baringham walked quietly up to the footlights, amid a storm of cheers, and his lordship whispered to his companion:

"This is Miss Baring. What do you think of her, Meredith? Is she not lovely?"

"Very lovely indeed, Dallesborough!" Paul responded lowly as he peered with quickly throbbing pulse and fascinated gaze on his sweetheart. She is magnificent, and I no longer wonder at your infatuation."

Dallesborough turned round sharply and faced Paul. There had been something in his companion's voice that puzzled him.

"Do you know, Meredith, that I would marry Miss Baring to-morrow if she would have me?"

"I don't doubt it, Dallesborough," said Paul in a dry way. "And I wouldn't mind doing it myself, my boy."

"I am not joking, Meredith," his lordship said earnestly. "Do you know that I asked her to become my wife the other day?"

"Well?"

"She refused me in the most emphatic way—told me that she was already engaged, and of course no honorable man could speak after that."

"Just so, Dallesborough. Give me your hand, old man," Paul muttered, huskily. "That is the woman I am going to marry. She is my sweetheart."

"Yes. Draw that curtain and I'll tell you all about it. A stranger story you never came across."

In a few minutes Paul made his friend acquainted with the main points in the story of his life since the morning he first met the White Gypsy in Cale Wood; and when his hurried recital was concluded, and Dallesborough had learned why Paul had come to the Babylonian that evening, he took Meredith behind the scenes to introduce him to the manager.

A short time later Paul and Salome met in the fair singer's dressing room. He had scribbled a few words saying he was there, waiting to see her, had sent them to her and she had told the messenger to bring him to her at once.

Of the tenderness and rapture of that meeting I will say nothing here. No pen can do justice to the ecstasy of such a reunion.

CHAPTER XXVIII. JOY HELLS.

It was a pleasant morning a week or two before Christmas, and the villages of Thorrell, and Marsh Green presented a most festive appearance. Although the air was sharp and a few inches of snow covered the whole of the country side, quite a crowd of men and women, youths and maidens, were gathered about the gates of the old church at Thorrell Moor, discussing with varying interest the ceremony being solemnized within.

The name of the White Gypsy was upon every tongue, and the strange story of her life was being talked about in a wondering way by the people among whom she had lived and worked for two or three years.

It seemed to them a wonderful thing at first that Sir Sydney's ward, the handsome and rich young gentleman, Paul Meredith, should have chosen as his affianced a young woman who had toiled upon the pit-bank; and their amazement had been intensified a hundredfold when the news was spread about that Salome Baringham was the daughter of the master of Carlsland Hall, by his first wife, who had died shortly after giving birth to the White Gypsy.

No one knew or suspected that Salome's mother had lived for years after her child's birth—was living when Sir Sydney married Adelaide Woodcock. The story in circulation was to the effect that Sir Sydney, when his chances of succeeding to the title and estates were most remote, had married a poor girl, had quarrelled with her soon afterwards; they had parted never to meet again, and the fact of his wife becoming a mother had never reached the baronet until a short time ago.

Such was the story put into currency in order to establish Salome's claims to her real name, and to prevent a suspicion of shame from falling upon Lady Carlsland and Cordelia. And as all those concerned confirmed the story the outside public were led to accept it as the whole truth.

Meanwhile, inside the grey old pile, out heroine and her lover were kneeling before the vicar, the Rev. Matthew Mallison, who had just joined them together in the bonds of holy wedlock. Sir Sydney was near at hand, but no other member of the Carlsland family was present.

In one of the pews close by sat sturdy Hugh Eastwood, and at his elbow sat the honest hearted, and handsome pit-brow lass Nell Crompton, who had always been the dearest friend of the White Gypsy. Hugh and Nell were sweethearts now—were in fact to be married in a few weeks, and the young pitman was already mine host of the "White Crow," for which position he had to thank the generosity of Paul Meredith.

The wedding day of the White Gypsy will never be forgotten by those who took part in the festivities given in the honor of bride and bridegroom. All that day high revel was held in the villages, and while the miners were enjoying themselves Paul and Salome were on their way to the continent, where they were to spend their honeymoon. Will my readers wish them a happy and long life.

THE END.

NEXT WEEK—
"The Measuring of the Dowry."
A FIVE TALE.

Trusts and Combinations

Are unpopular. But there is one form trust against which no one has anything to say. That is the trust which the public repose in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the best of it is the trust is fully justified by the merit of the medicine. For, remember, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

Hood's PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or grip. Sold by all druggists.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A NEW ENGLAND MIRACLE.

A Railroad Engineer Relates His Experience.

The Wonderful Story Told by Fred C. Vose and His Mother-in-law to a Reporter of the Boston Herald—Both Are Restored After Years of Agony.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 1st.

The vast health-giving results already attributed by the newspapers throughout this country and Canada to Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills for Pale People" have been recently supplemented by the wonderful cures wrought in the cases of two confirmed invalids in one household in a New England town. The radical improvement in the physical condition of these two people from the use of this great medicine is vouched for, not only by the eager testimony of the patients themselves, gladly given for the benefit of other sufferers, but also by the indubitable assurances of disinterested relatives and friends who had been cognizant of the years of pain and distress endured by the two invalids, and who now witness their restoration to health, vigor and capacity.

The names of these people, the latest to testify from their own experience to the marvelous restorative, tonic and healing qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, are Fred C. Vose and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Oliver C. Holt, of Peterboro, members of the same household, which is composed of Mr. and Mrs. Holt, and Mr. and Mrs. Vose, the latter a daughter of the Holts. The home occupied by the family is a cosy and neat looking two-story house, situated on the top of a hill and surrounded by many of the natural attractions of a residence in the country. Mr. Holt is employed in the Crowell shoe manufactory of Peterboro, and Mr. Vose has for many years run the engine on the Fitchburg railroad trains between Winchendon and Peterboro.

Before entering upon an account of the long illnesses of Mr. Vose and his mother-in-law, which shall be given in their own words as taken by a reporter of the Boston Herald, it will be well to give the exact reason for the coming together under one roof of the two families, as this fact has everything to do with the manner in which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills first came to the notice of Mr. Vose and the reason of their introduction into the family as a medical remedy.

Mr. Vose's wife had been in failing health for a number of years, her illness finally developing into a brain trouble, accompanied by intermittent paralysis of the tongue and lower limbs. Death has taken all her children, and the heavy affliction increased her bodily and mental infirmities to such an extent that her husband, himself an invalid, was compelled to take some means toward securing for her complete rest and freedom from all household care. To this end he gave up housekeeping, and took his wife to her parents' home, where her mother might care for her in her ailments. Mrs. Holt was herself suffering from various complaints brought on by complete nervous prostration several years ago, but her daughter's severe and more hopeless condition was the more urgent and more appealing case of the two, and so Mrs. Holt for several years has tried to forget her own disabilities in tenderly ministering to her stricken daughter.

In February last Mr. Vose was reading the weekly paper, when his attention was attracted by the account of a case of paralysis cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The similarity of the case described to that of his wife at once aroused the deep interest of Mr. Vose, and he called his mother-in-law's attention to the published article. After long consultation they decided to send for the pills. The beneficial effect they had upon Mrs. Vose was marked. From being unable to stand she was so materially strengthened that she could walk without difficulty, and in other respects her condition was much improved. The beneficial results noticed in Mrs. Vose's condition from a trial of the pills caused both her husband and mother to consider trying them for their own complaints. They tried them on the principle that "if they don't cure they can't hurt," but before each had finished their first box they had felt such relief that they came to believe that the pills not only could not hurt, but were actually and speedily curing them.

To the Herald reporter who was sent to investigate his remarkable cure, Mr. Vose gave a detailed account of his long illness and subsequent recovery. He began his narrative by saying:

"I am not anxious to get into the papers in this or any other connection, but, as I wrote the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., I have felt such happy results from the taking of Pink Pills that I am willing, if my experience will help any one else, to state how they benefited me. I am 37 years old, and 15 years of this time I have spent in railroad for the Fitchburg railroad on the Winchendon and Peterboro branch. For the past three years I have been engineer of the train which connects with the Boston trains at Winchendon. I have been troubled with a weak stomach from my boyhood. In fact, there never was a time in my remembrance when I was not more or less troubled from that source."

"Seven years ago, however, the complaint became greatly aggravated from the nature of my work and other causes, and I suffered greatly from it. My stomach would not retain food, my head ached constantly, there was a dimness, or blur, before my eyes most of the time, and my head used to become so dizzy I could scarcely stand. On getting up in the morning my head swam so I was frequently obliged to lie down again. I had a most disagreeable heartburn, a continuous belching of gas from the stomach, a nasty coating of the mouth and tongue, and my breath was most offensive. I consulted physicians in Peterboro, and took their medicines for two years, but was helped so slightly by them that at the end of that time I gave up in discouragement, and let the disease take care of itself for a long time. I grew worse as time went on. I have been obliged to give up work many a time for a week or two, and have worked at other times when I ought to have been at home in bed. I have lost many months during the past seven years and would have lost more only for the fact that I stuck it out and would not give up until I had to."

"My appetite then failed me, and about four years ago I began to notice a fluttering of my heart, which grew so bad after a while that I could not walk any distance without a violent palpitation and complete loss of breath. The pains in my stomach, from indigestion, lasted two and three days at a time. I lost considerable flesh, and before long I noticed that my kidneys were affected. This came from my work on the engine, I know, as many railroad men are troubled in the same way. I had awful pains in the small of my back, and was obliged to make water many times during the day."

"I resolved to go back to the doctors again, though their treatment had done me no good before. I was told that

medicine was no good for me, that what I needed was a long rest. I could not take too long a vacation, being compelled to work for my living, and so I kept along, taking what stuff the doctors prescribed, but feeling no better, except for a day or two at a time.

"Finally my legs and hands began to ache and swell with rheumatic pains, and I found I couldn't sleep at night. If I lay down, my heart would go pit-pat at a great rate, and many nights I did not close my eyes at all."

"I was broken down in body and discouraged in spirit, when, some time in February last, I was reading in the Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star, which we take every week, of the great cures made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I got a couple of boxes for my wife to see if she would be helped any by them, and then I tried them myself. I did not put much stock in them at first, but before I had finished the first box I noticed that I was feeling better. The palpitation of my heart, which had bothered me so that I couldn't breathe at times, began to improve. I saw that in going to my home on the hill from the depot, which was previously an awful task, my heart did not beat so violently and I had more breath when I reached the house. After the second and third boxes I grew better in every other respect. My stomach became stronger, the gas belching was not so bad, my appetite and digestion improved, and my sleep became nearly natural and undisturbed. I have continued taking the pills three times a day ever since last March, and to-day I am feeling better than at any time during the last eight years."

"I can confidently and conscientiously say that they have done me more good, and their good effects are more permanent, than any medicine I have ever taken. My rheumatic pains in legs and hands are all gone. The pains in the small of my back, which were so bad at times that I couldn't stand up straight, have nearly all vanished, and I find my kidneys are well regulated by them. This is an effect not claimed for the pills in the circular, but in my case they brought it about. I can now go up any hill without the slightest distress or palpitation or loss of breath, and am feeling 100 per cent better in every shape and manner."

"They have been a saving of money to me, for since I began their use I have not been obliged to lose much time away from work. I am still taking the pills, and mean to continue them until I am certain my cure is a thorough and lasting one."

After talking with Mr. Vose at the depot, where his engine was waiting, the reporter went to the house where Mrs. Holt, the other patient for whom the pills have done so much, receives him and gave an extended account of her experience with them. Mrs. Holt said:

"I am 57 years old, and for fourteen years past I have had an intermittent heart trouble. Three years ago I had nervous prostration, which left me with a number of ailments, for which I have been doctoring unsuccessfully ever since. My heart trouble was increased so badly by the nervous prostration that I had to lie down most of the time. My stomach also gave out, and I had continual and intense pain from the back of my neck to the end of my backbone. I went to physicians in Jeffrey, Newport, Akeley, Acton and here in Peterboro, but my health continued so miserable that I gave up doctors in despair and lost faith in medicines altogether. I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last winter, more from curiosity than because I believed they could help me, but the first box made me feel ever so much better. I have taken the pills since February last and they have made me feel like a new woman. The terrible pains in my spinal column and in the region of my liver are gone, and I believe for good. My palpitation has only troubled me three times since I commenced using the pills, and my stomach now performs its functions without giving me the great distress which formerly followed everything I ate. The pills have acted differently from any medicine I ever took in my life. I have tried everything—doctors' medicines, patent medicines, sarsaparillas, and homeopathic doses. In fourteen weeks three years ago I spent \$300 for doctors' bills and medicines, and since then have put out as much more money, but the relief I obtained, if any, was only temporary."

"With these pills, however, the effects are different. They are not cathartic like other pills I have taken, but seem to act directly upon the stomach and liver without any loosening of the bowels. My sleep, too, has wonderfully improved since I began their use. For a long time before I took these pills I lost sleep night after night with my heart and pains in my back."

"My improvement in health is a source of remark on the part of those who have known how sick I was. My husband, who didn't know I was taking the pills, is delighted at the noticeable betterment in my health, and upon learning the cause of it urged me to continue the use of the pills. This impulse, however, is not necessary, as I have been too sick in the past not to fully appreciate the value of a remedy that has done me so much good. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are certainly a grand medicine, and from my experience with them I can cheerfully and cordially recommend them to any one who is troubled with heart palpitation, indigestion, liver complaint, and the many ills consequent upon nervous prostration."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but are a scientific preparation, successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of jaundice, palpitation of the heart, the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, &c.

They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form or by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address.